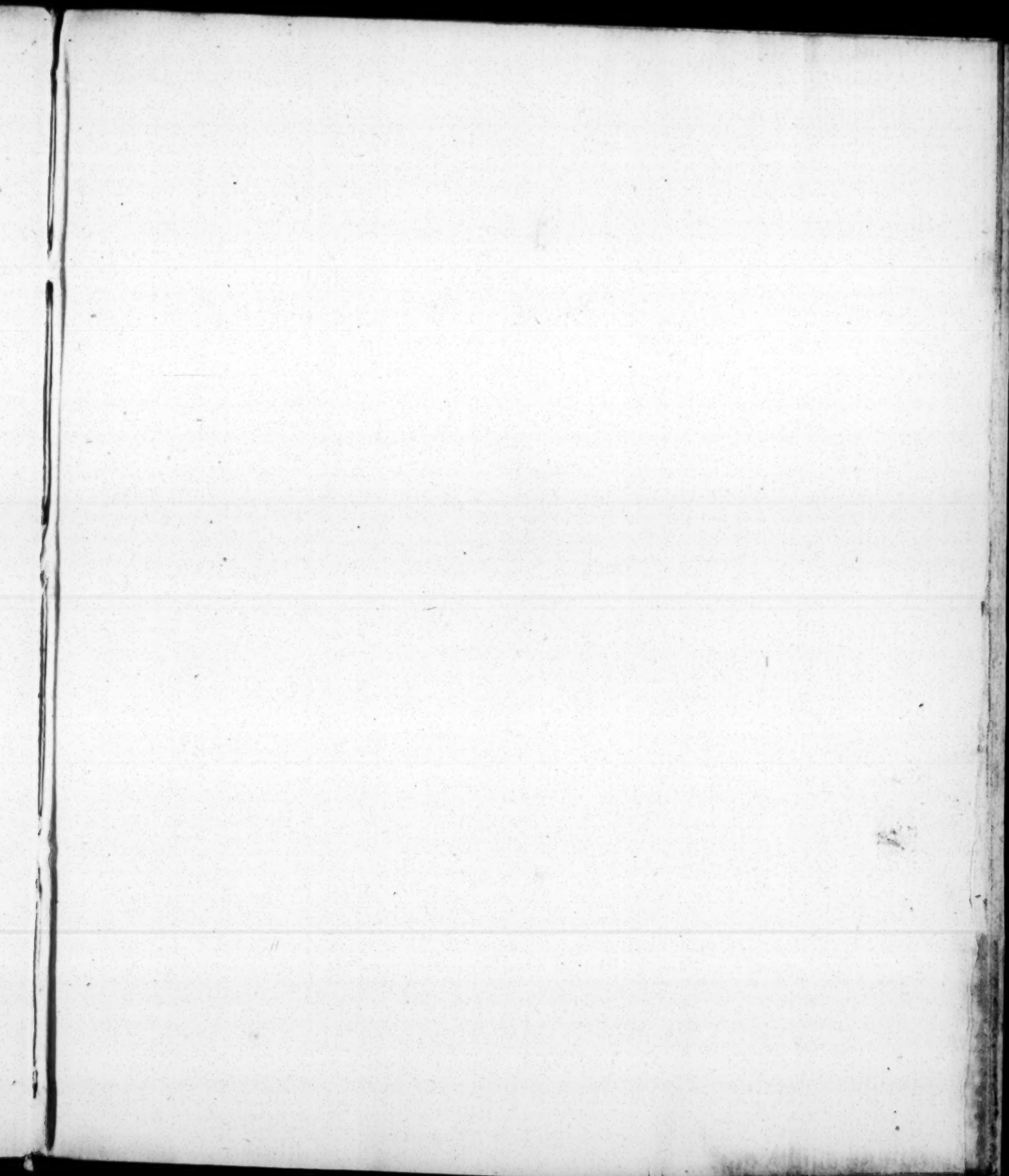
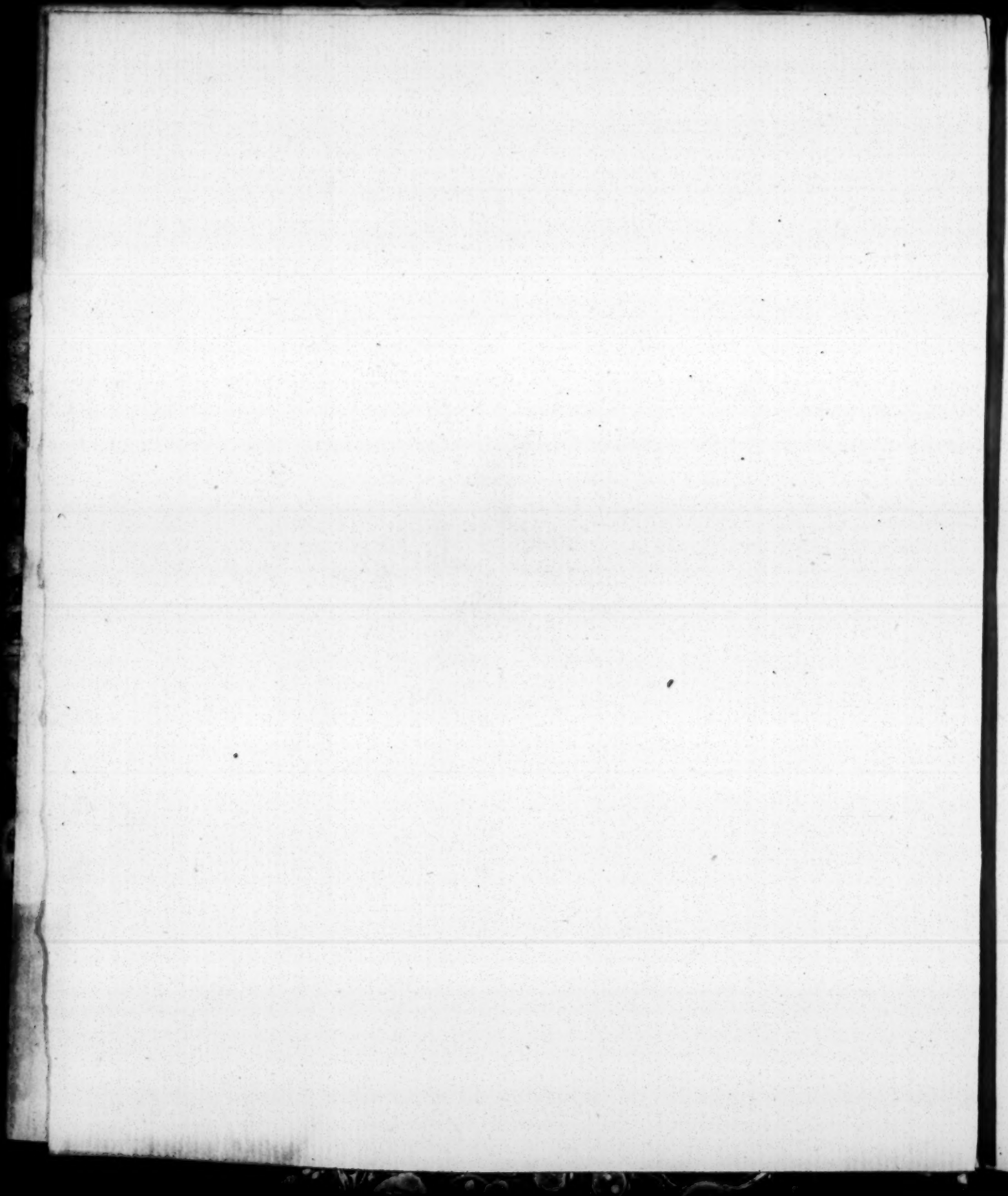


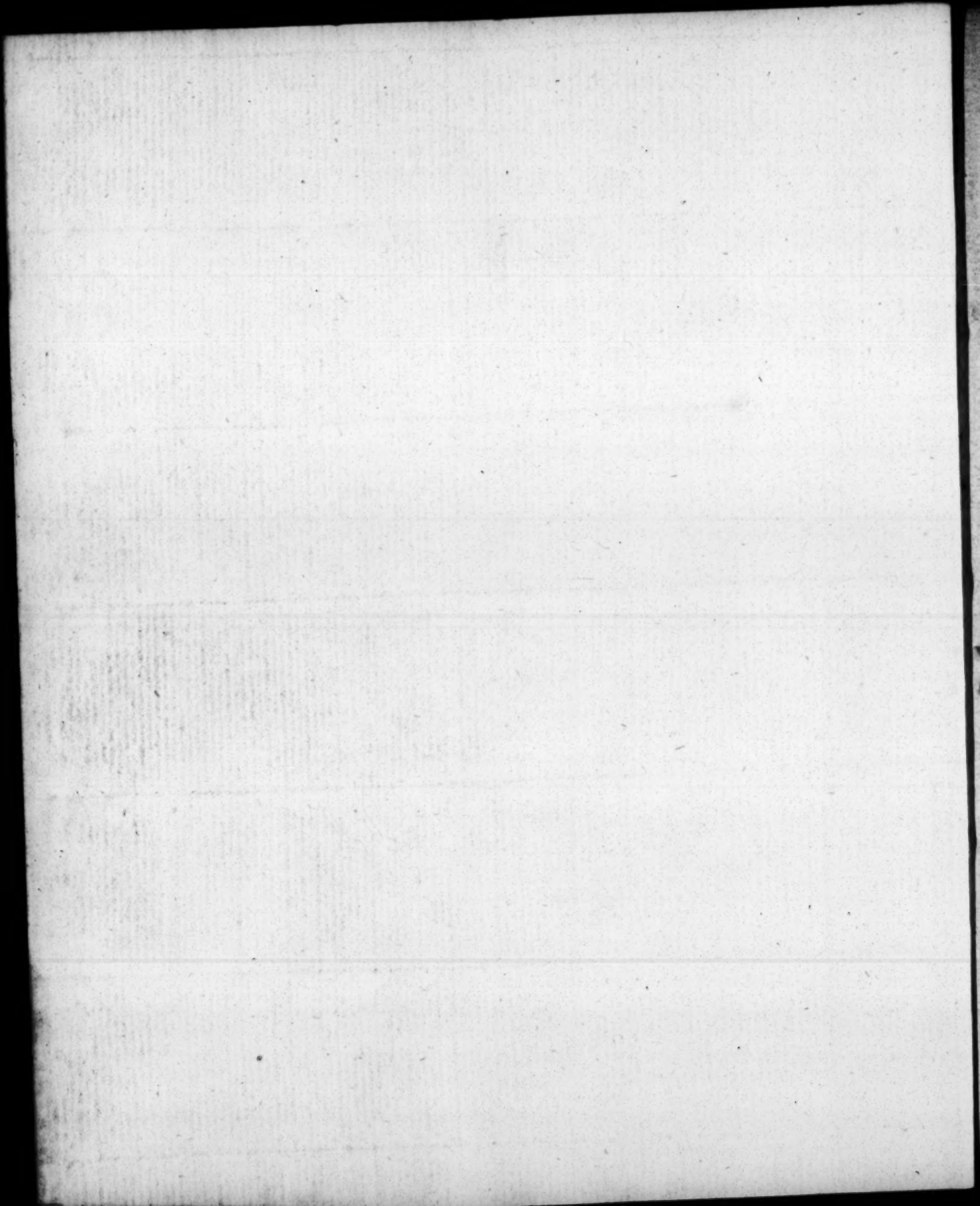
Douce
H.H. 223.



Francis Douce.







Nothing irregular in Nature;

O R,

D E F O R M I T Y

A mere Fancy.

B E I N G

A New Set of Original BEAUTIES, Design'd by
the celebrated *E. Hemskirk*, Curiously etched on
Twelve Copper Plates.

L I K E W I S E

Twelve short POEMS on the Variety of BEAUTY;
adapted to each Print.

Dedicated to a little, tho' a very Great Man.

Alexander was crooked, and *Cæsar* was thin
French Harry the fourth had a prominent Chin;
Yet these could all fight, and the Fair they could please——
Alas, for a Race of such Heroes as These!

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by J. WYATT, next the *Vine Tavern* in *Long-Acre*
and by the Pamphlet Sellers of *London* and *Westminster*, 1734.

[Price One Shilling.]

Nothing irregular in Nature

DEFORMITY

A new method

of



of the

of the

of the



TO A
L I T T L E,
T H O U G H
A very GREAT MAN.

TH Y Wit, thy Person, and thy Name,
Thy Courage, Might, and martial Fame,
I leave to greater Bards than me,
Who sing aloud, inspired by Thee :
Stranger to Satire, and to Praise,
'Tis mine to dedicate my Lays,
Without Reward, or selfish Views ;
Which proves the Freedom of my Muse :
For never sure was Poet brib'd
To leave his Patron undescrib'd !
To drive Men's Prejudice away,
And real Greatness to display,
My Verse essays ——— Espouse it you,
Who strongly prove my *Theses* true ;
Who shine on high, art short by Fate ;
Tho' small indeed, yet truly Great.

What

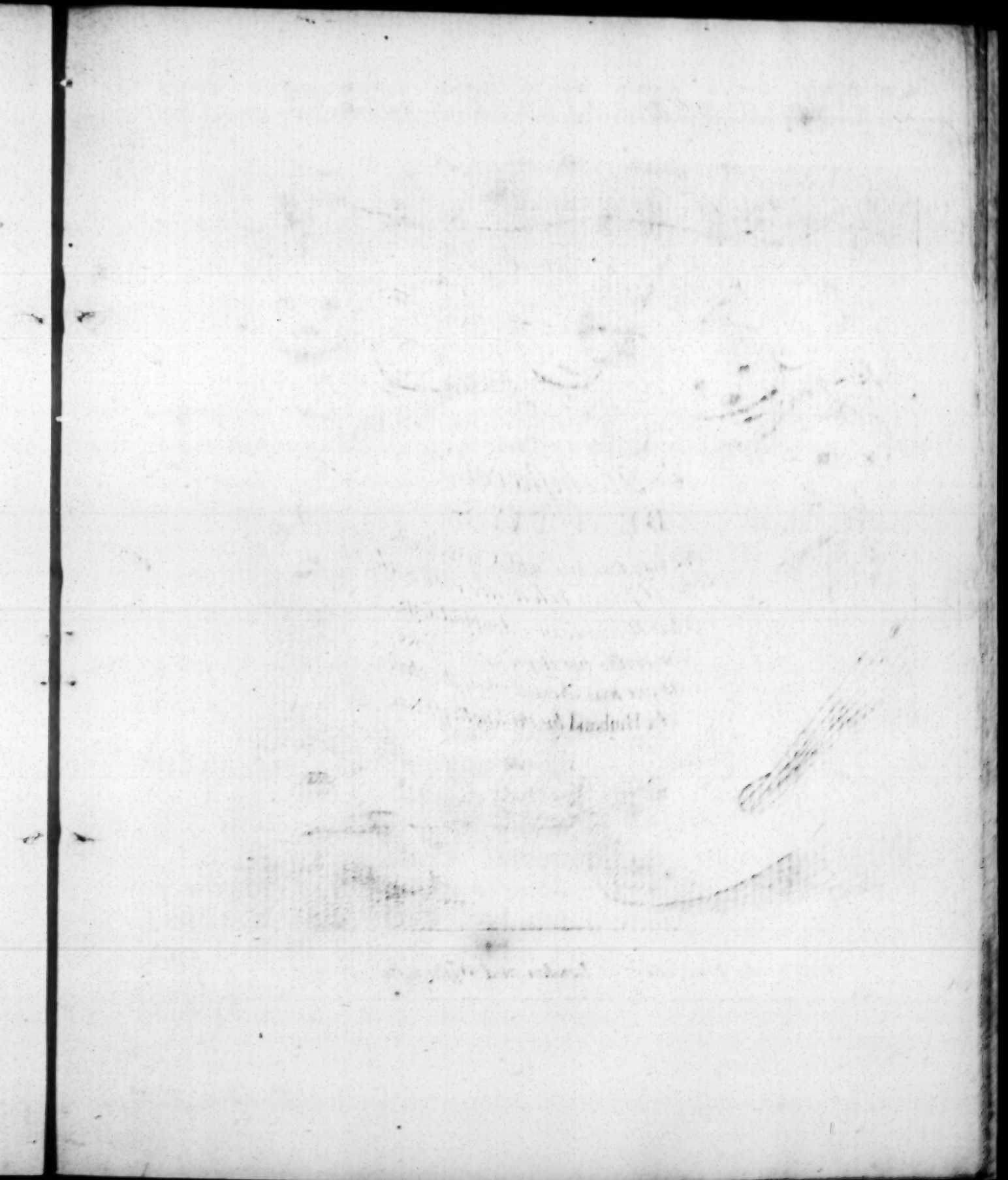
The DEDICATION, &c.

What could avail the noble Mind,
If Honours were to Shape confin'd ?
If Dignity were plac'd in Size,
The biggest Fool might rule the Wise ;
The Cur the Spaniel would surpass,
And o'er them both would shine the Ass ;
The largest Pebble would excel
The Brilliant, Diamond, and the Shell ;
A Barn were better than a Seat,
If that were large, this only neat.

Mankind shall learn to judge from me ;
Nor always trust to what they see ;
Shall bring all Objects to the Test,
And then determine which is best.



FRON-





E.H. Pinx

Toms Sculp

Sold by the Printers of London and Westminster, Price 1^s.



FRONTISPIECE.

The Difference of BEAUTY.

THE Chase of Beauty all pursue,
Which proves th' Existence of it true:
In Nature, and in all her Works,
A Charm, a Secret *Venus* lurks:
But in what certain Point it lies,
Is undetermin'd by the Wise.

Bid *Gervase* paint a lovely Dame,
He'll regularly raise your Flame;
With nice Proportion, and Design,
You'll see the finish'd Picture shine.
To *Hemskirk* put the same Request;
Behold his Sentiments express'd!
In Odness and Grotesque he'll place
The Beauties of his fav'rite Race.

On his own Plan the furthest Reach,
Is what a Judge admires in each:
Distortion there would spoil the Draught,
And here all Softness were a Fault.
Both Masters may their Skill display,
And please us, in a diff'rent Way.

The



The MIND's the MAN.

WHEN manly Wit, in short Essays,
 Refin'd the Beaux of *Anna's* Days;
 When the polite Spectator reign'd,
 And Vice was pleas'd to be restrain'd;
 On *Isis* Banks the *Muses* warm'd
 A virtuous Band, by Nature form'd;
 In Mind, with ev'ry Art to please,
 In Face and Body, worse than these.

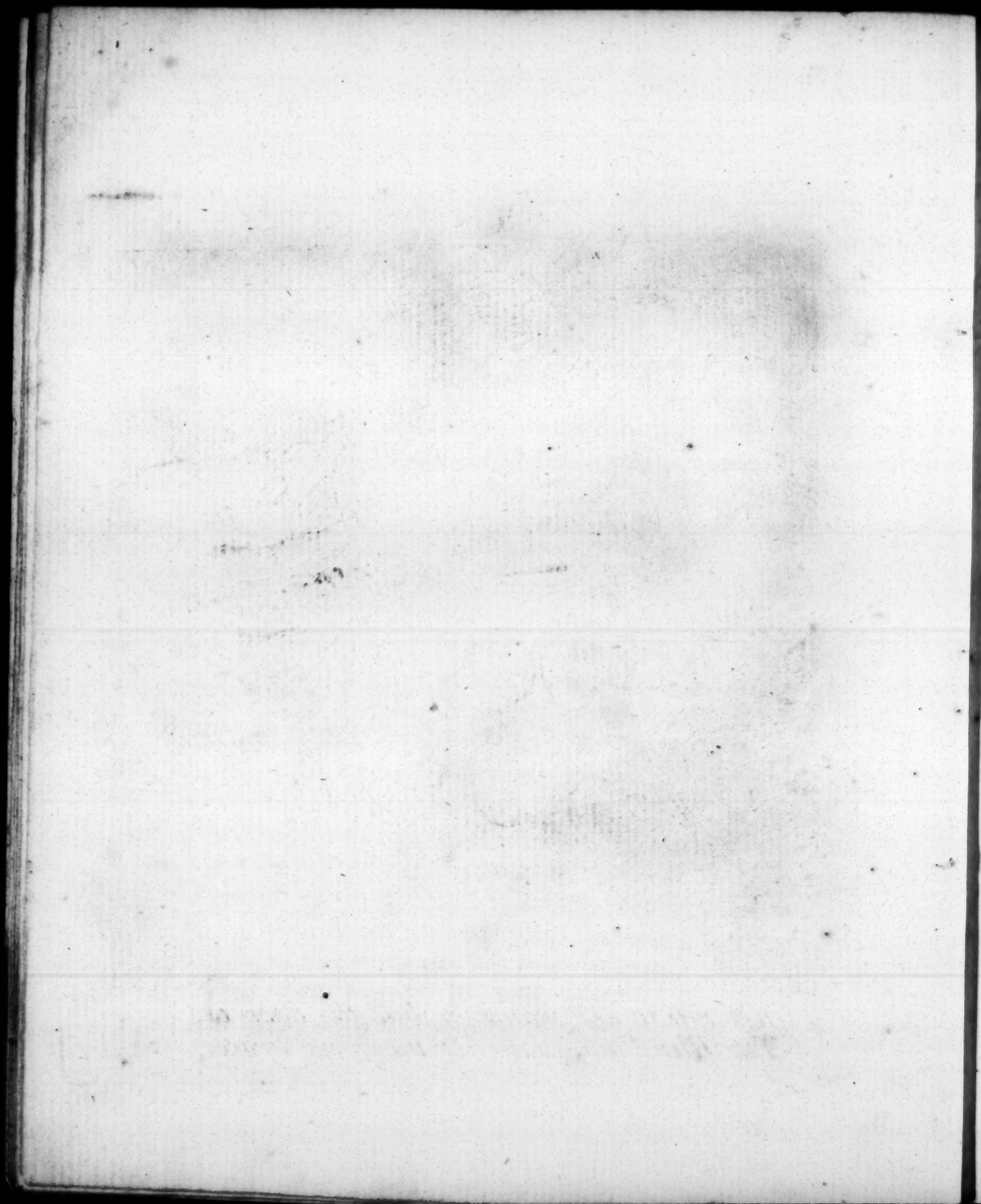
What powder'd Fop, or noisy Spark,
 Who travers'd *Hide*, or *James's* Park,
 Could boast an *Addison* his Friend?
 Would *Steele* to sooth him condescend?
 Yet *Steele* and *Addison* the Sage,
 The joint Reformers of an Age,
 When in the Ugly Club enroll'd,
 Were* proud to have their Honour told.

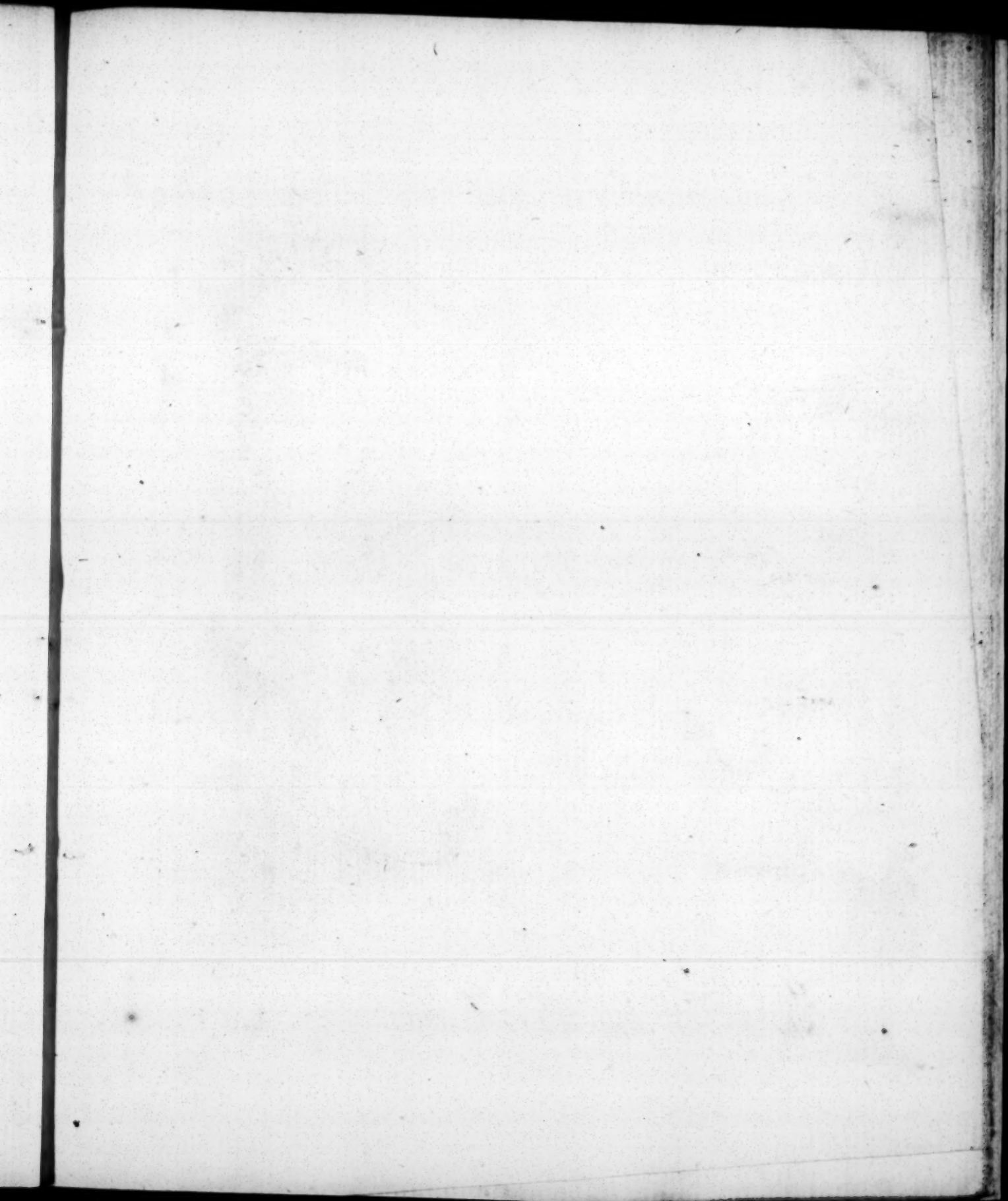
Learn ye Male Belles, ye He-she Things,
 Where Virtue lies, whence Honour springs.
 Dress, spark, and powder all you can,
 'Tis to be Boys.—The Mind's the Man.

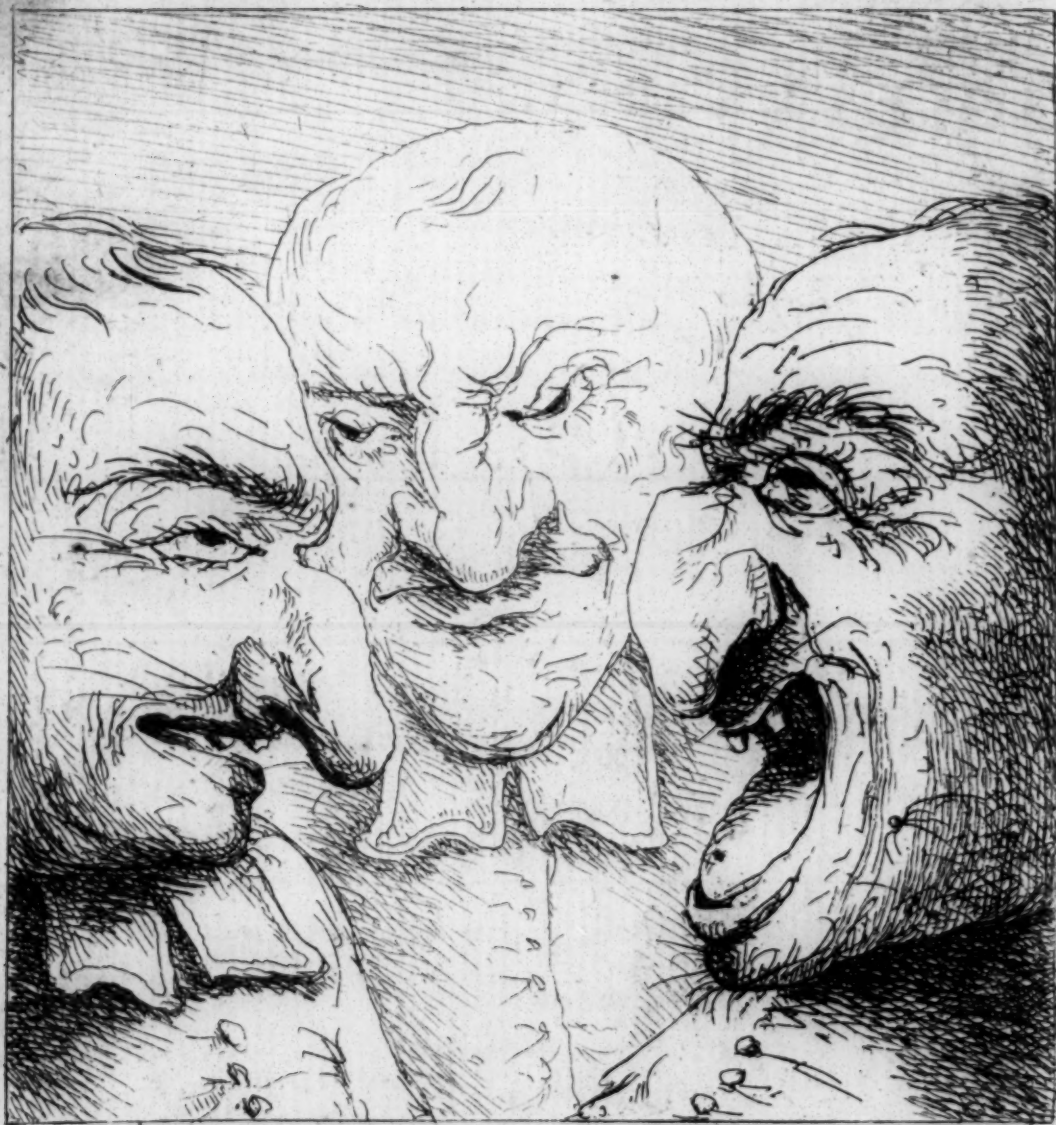
*. *Spectator*.



*Of what e'er frame or hue the Face is,
The Mind may have ten thousand Graces.*







*Had fair Venella seen us three,
She'd ne'er aspir'd to Dignity.*

A Long Nose, the Sign of a Great Man.

IF All a Parity can show
 Of Length above, and Length below,
 That fair *Vanella* found a Prize
 In young *Alexis*, who denies?
 Descended of th' *Augustan* Race,
 He proves his Lineage by his Face;
 And, from his Front far downward, wears
 The Grandeur of two thousand Years.

Such *Julius* was, and such before
 The rival Twins that *Rhea* bore:
 The first of whom, who t'other slew,
 Had just the longest of the two.
 Such were his Friends, the lusty * Boys,
 Who bravely snatch'd forbidden Joys;
 And ravish'd each a *Sabine* Wife,
 At the last Hazard of his Life.
 Such their Successors, who begot
 Kings, Consuls, Emp'rois, and what not?
 Who made the Nations round adore
 The last great Empire of the Four.

* *Romulus* and *Remus*.



NATURE'S *Variety.*

WH O looks the mute Creation round,
 The Air, the Ocean, and the Ground,
 But views a kind of pleasing Strife,
 And owns Variety it's Life ?
 But sees a regular Extreme
 In what the Vulgar disesteem ?

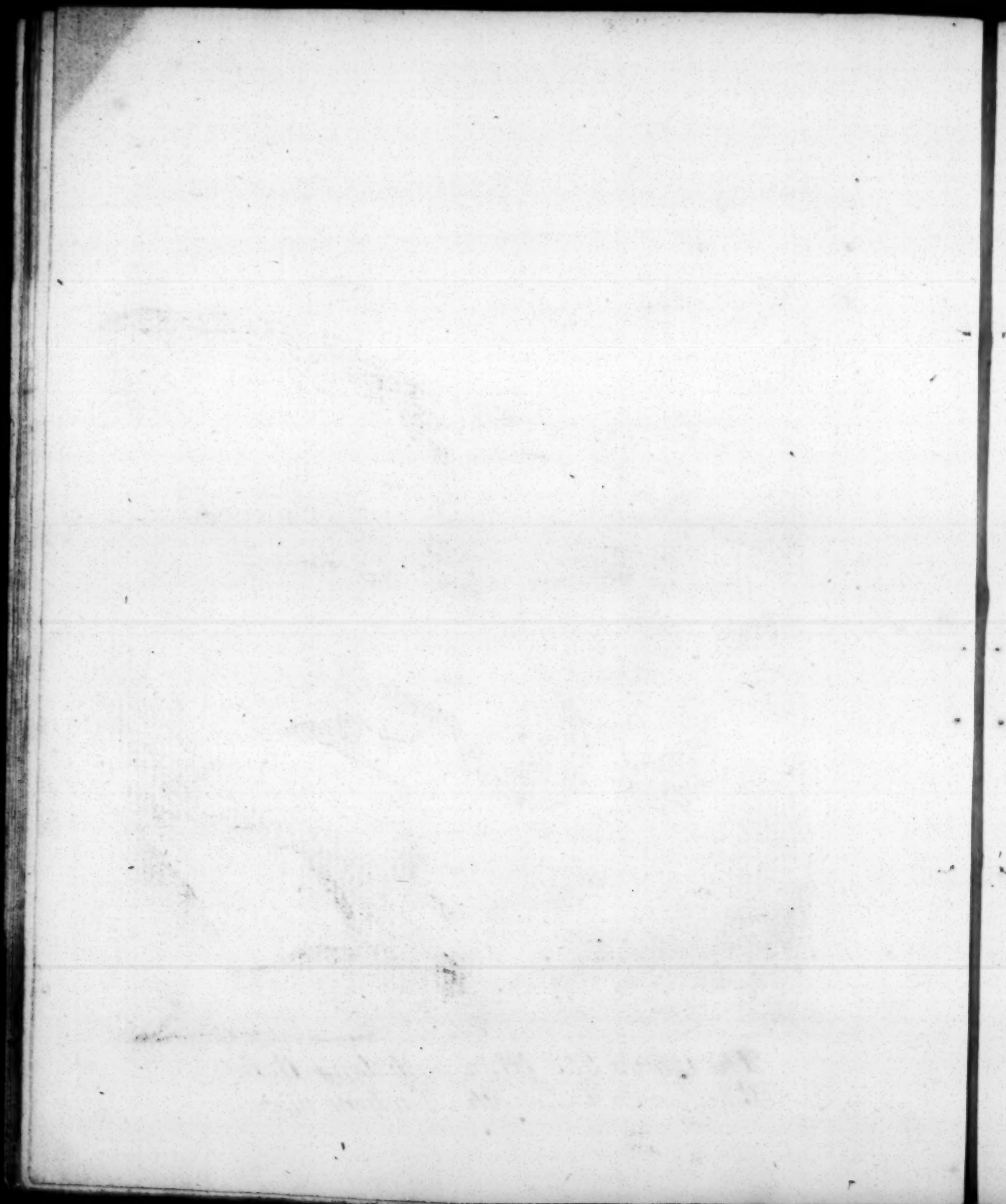
The same in human Forms we find,
 By what they leave upon the Mind.
 How should a thousand Pictures strike,
 If any two were just alike ?
 Teeth Lips or Cheeks Nose Front or Eyes,
 We view indifferent, slight, or prize,
 As Temper, Figure, Strength, or Hue,
 Varies the same in ev'ry two.

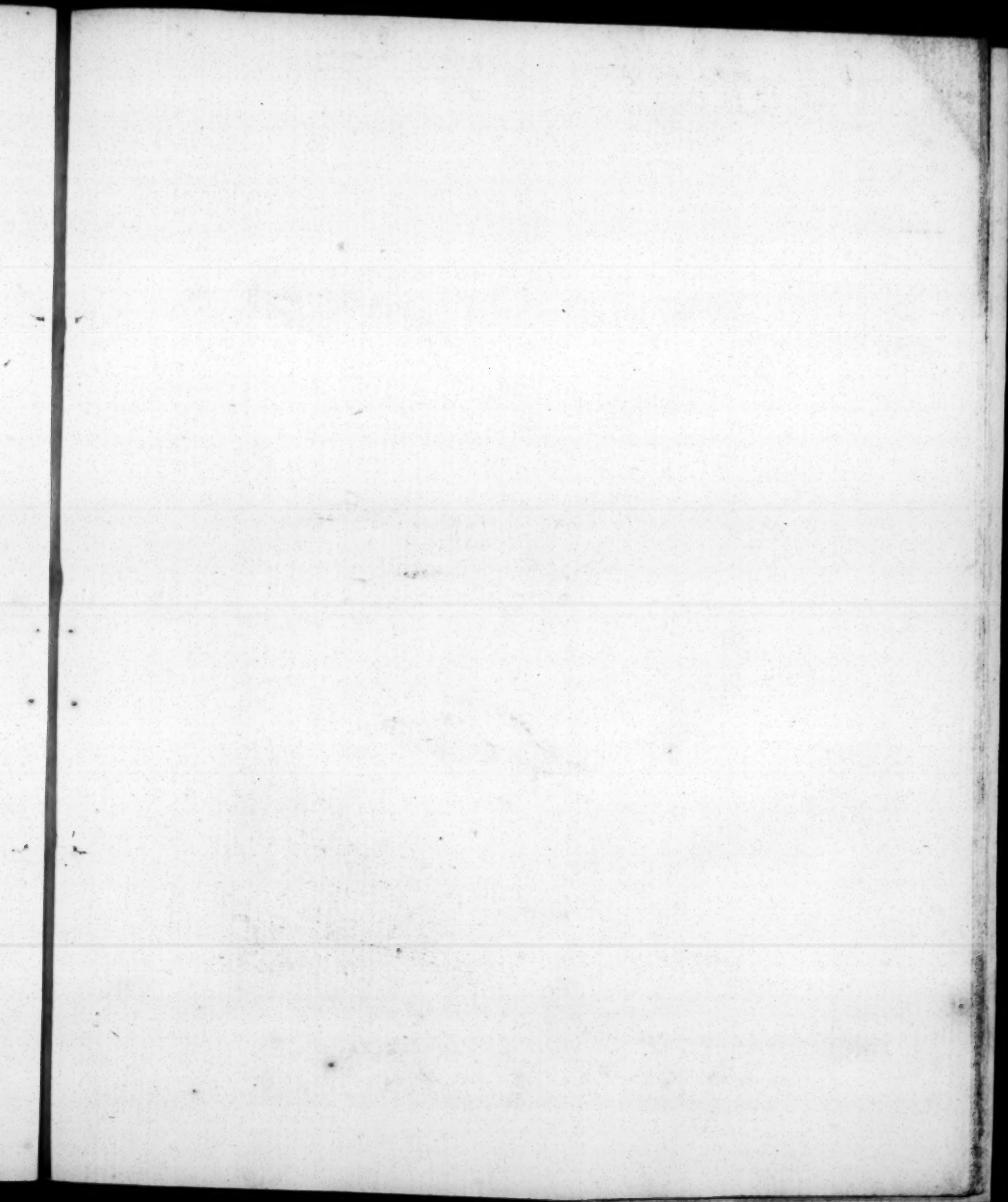
What Nature does, forbear to blame,
 Tho' you and I are not the same :
 The Goddess by Gradations moves ;
 Lessens in This, in That improves ;
 And what surprizes most, can be
 But in her uttermost Degree.

Take



*The Ladies like Men with long Noses,
Which always Length elsewhere supposes.*







*Look in the World, you'll seldom see
Folks with such Faces as we three.*



READER, *Take Care of yourself.*

THREE Beauties at a single look?
 'Tis the best Picture in the Book!
 Three? says a Critick, where are three?
 Read on, my Friend, and you shall see.

When *Goatham* flourish'd in the North,
 The Seat of Learning, Wit, and Worth,
 Twelve of the Wisest of the Place
 Went out, to fish for Roach and Dace.

How long they staid, how large a Dish
 They caught, and where they put their Fish,
 I neither care, nor shall enquire.

When they consented to retire,
 ' Let's see, says one with Air profound,
 ' If none of us, my Friends, are drown'd.
 The Thought was good, they all confess'd;
 So each began to count the Rest.

' Sweet *Jesus*, cry'd they all, Eleven!
 ' Twelve of us came — Have Mercy Heaven!
 ' A Friend came by, and struck the first:
 ' Tell yourself, Puppy, and be curs'd!



All Handsome and Witty, in our own Conceits.

'T I S granted, He may laugh that wins,
 So Fool at Fool self-conscious grins:
 For, by himself if each be try'd,
 We all are on the winning Side.

How Few have Sense enough in store,
 To but perceive their want of more?
 A Neighbour Fool each Sot can show,
 And thank the Stars he is not so.
 Who own a Few of nobler Mind,
 For one before, place ten behind.

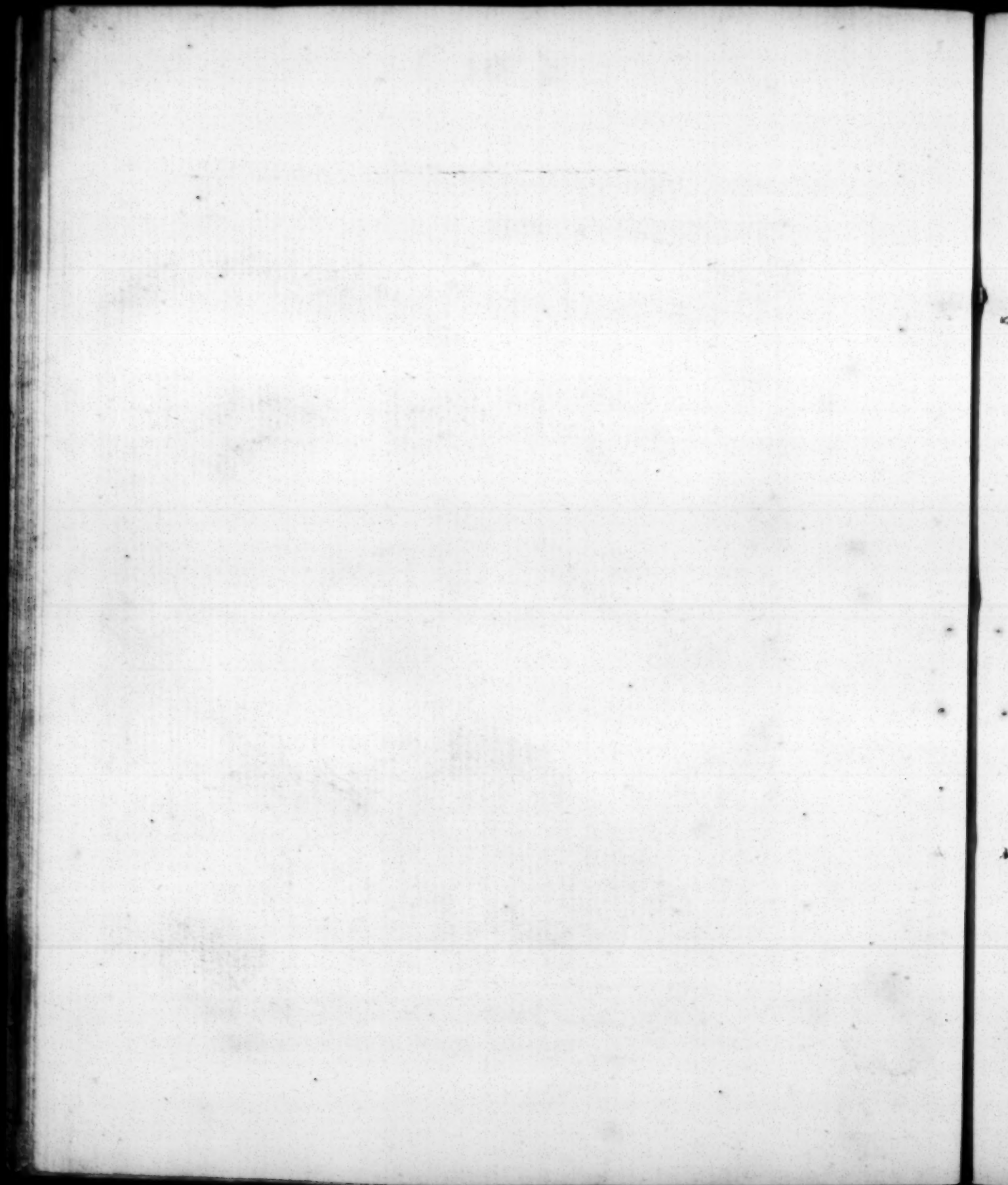
Would *Phillis* censure all the Sex,
 Did she believe her own Defects?
Tim, thought by all an awkward Elf,
 Is a *Narciſſus* to himself:
 E'en *Rufus* thinks himself complete,
 In Person, Eloquence, and Wit.

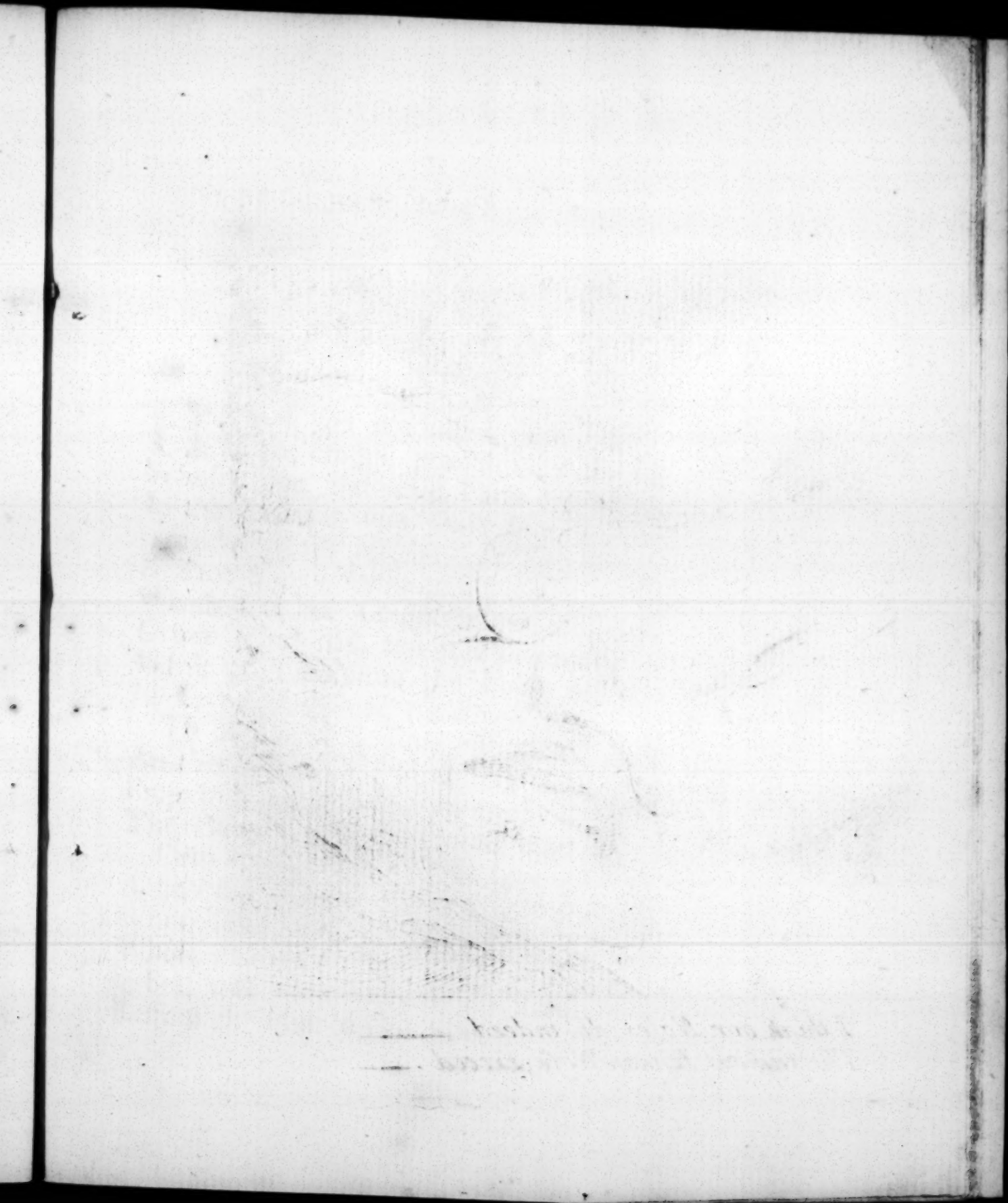
Since there subsists in all our Thoughts,
 One Mind and Body free from Faults:
 Since Fools and Foils all else are found,
 E'en let the Laugh go briskly round.

The



*Your admiration makes me laugh;
Why I've a finer Face by half*







*I think our Noses do indeed ———
The famous Roman Nose exceed. ———*



The LANDSKIP.

HA V E you not seen a fable Cliff,
High, craggy, pendulous, and stiff,
Whose huge, unfinish'd Parts appear
In the Position you shall hear?

First, in the Middle you behold
A Promontory curve and bold;
Which o'er the Craggs below extends,
Grows spiral still, and still descends;
While Moisture from the Point distills
In heavy Drops, or trickling Rills.

To answer this, from the Rock's Root,
Another Length did there not shoot;
Projecting upwards far, to greet
The Point above, as Crackers meet?

Deep in the hollow Part between,
A bubbling Fount have you not seen;
Whose Borders form a matted Wreath;
Whose Plenty waters all beneath?

See, will not yonder lovely Face
Restore th' Idea of this Place?

Things



Things not to be valued by outward Appearance.

PRIZE not a Man for Form or Face :
Who buys a Jewel by the Case ?

Thersites, tho' morose, was sage :
Else could he move *Ulysses'* Rage ?
Yet *Homer's* Verses almost fright his
Admirers, when he paints *Thersites*.

Esop, as *Planude* draws his Figure,
Was an Ape's Foil, and not much bigger ;
Yet any single genuin Fable
Will prove his Mind robust and able.
This *Esop* too, as some relate,
Was a first Minister of State.

What was *Scaron* among the *French* ?
Yet *Scaron* won * a charming Wench,
Who after rose to *Louis'* Bed ;
Because well fill'd was *Scaron's* Head.
The Woman's Taste, indeed, was new :
The greater Praises are her due.

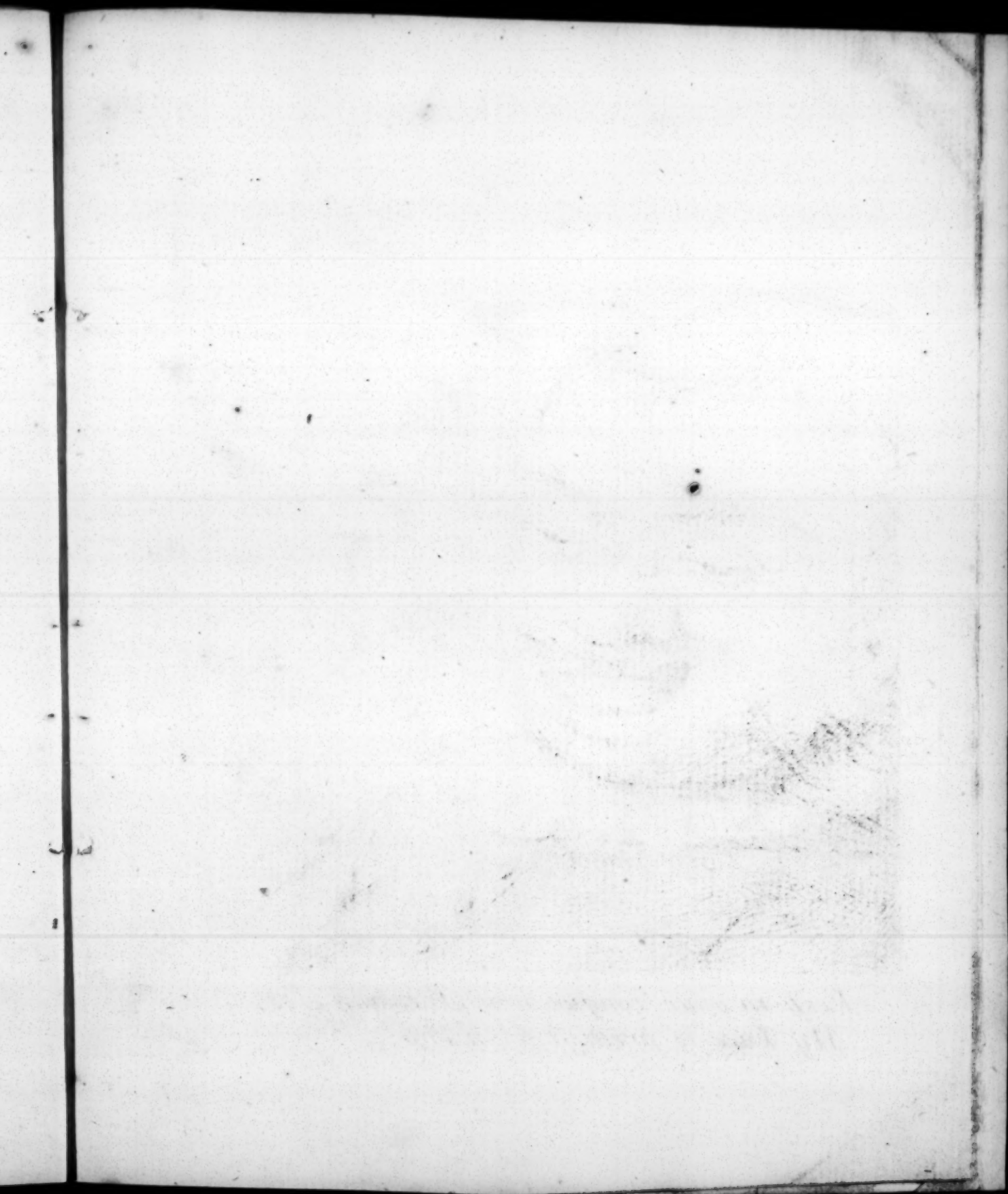
Is any *British* Fair to blame,
For chusing like this learned Dame ?

* *Madam, Maintenon.*



*Æsop, Therfites, Men of Old,
Like us were Beauties I've been told.*

1844
The first of the year
The first of the year





*Keep in your Tongue, you Sneering Sot;
My Face is prettiest for a Pot.*



Every Thing has a proper BEAUTY

NATURE diversifies her Face,
 Yet gives each Part a proper Grace.
 Extended wide, all fair and bright,
 The level Landscape courts the Light :
 Where the huge hoary Mount ascends,
 The bounded, awful Prospect ends.
 The *Sylvan* God on this Hand reigns ;
 On that gay plenty crowns the Plains.
 Here the View mingles all Extreams,
 Hills, Vales, Woods, Villages, and Streams.
 Which Scene ungraceful shall we call ?
 Who sees not Beauties in them all ?

When *Cloe* smiles, her Pow'r we know :
 Her Prudence *Portia's* Furrows show ;
 Like *Flora's* Features is her Wit ;
 In *Sylvio* Truth and Roughness meet ;
Wild always had a Tyburn look ;
 And *Philo's* Phiz. reflects his Book :
 'Twas thus the plastic Pow'r design'd,
 Who in the Face pourtray'd the Mind.



All are not MEN that seem so.

BECAUSE a Thing, in human Shape,
Exceeds the Stature of an Ape,
Can do as Brutes and Insects can,
Why must this Creature be a Man?
First hear him speak, and see him act;
Then judge the Agent by the Fact.

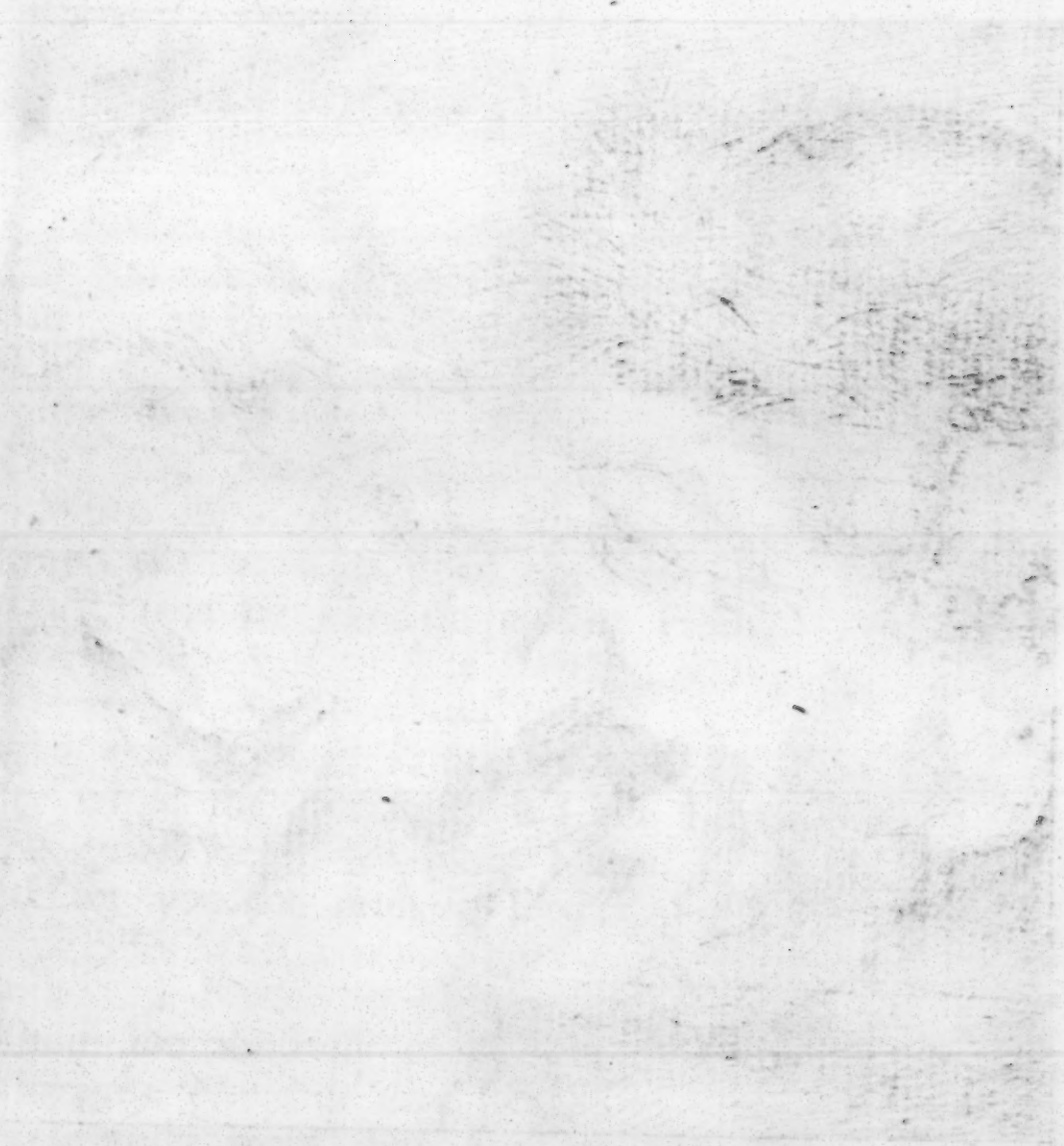
When *Floridant*, young, strait, and tall,
Draws all the Eyes upon the Mall;
When, tripping light on corken Heels,
Scarce Mother Earth her Burthen feels;
'Tis not a Man that you behold,
Tho' cast in Nature's finest Mold;
For while she nicely touch'd the Frame,
She quite forgot the purer Flame.

Have you not read, in Doctor *Swift*,
Of Horses with a reasoning Gift?
Or of the Nation of *Quinunc kis*,
Whom we abusively call Monkeys?
Whatever *Floridant* may seem,
These Folks would put him in their Team.

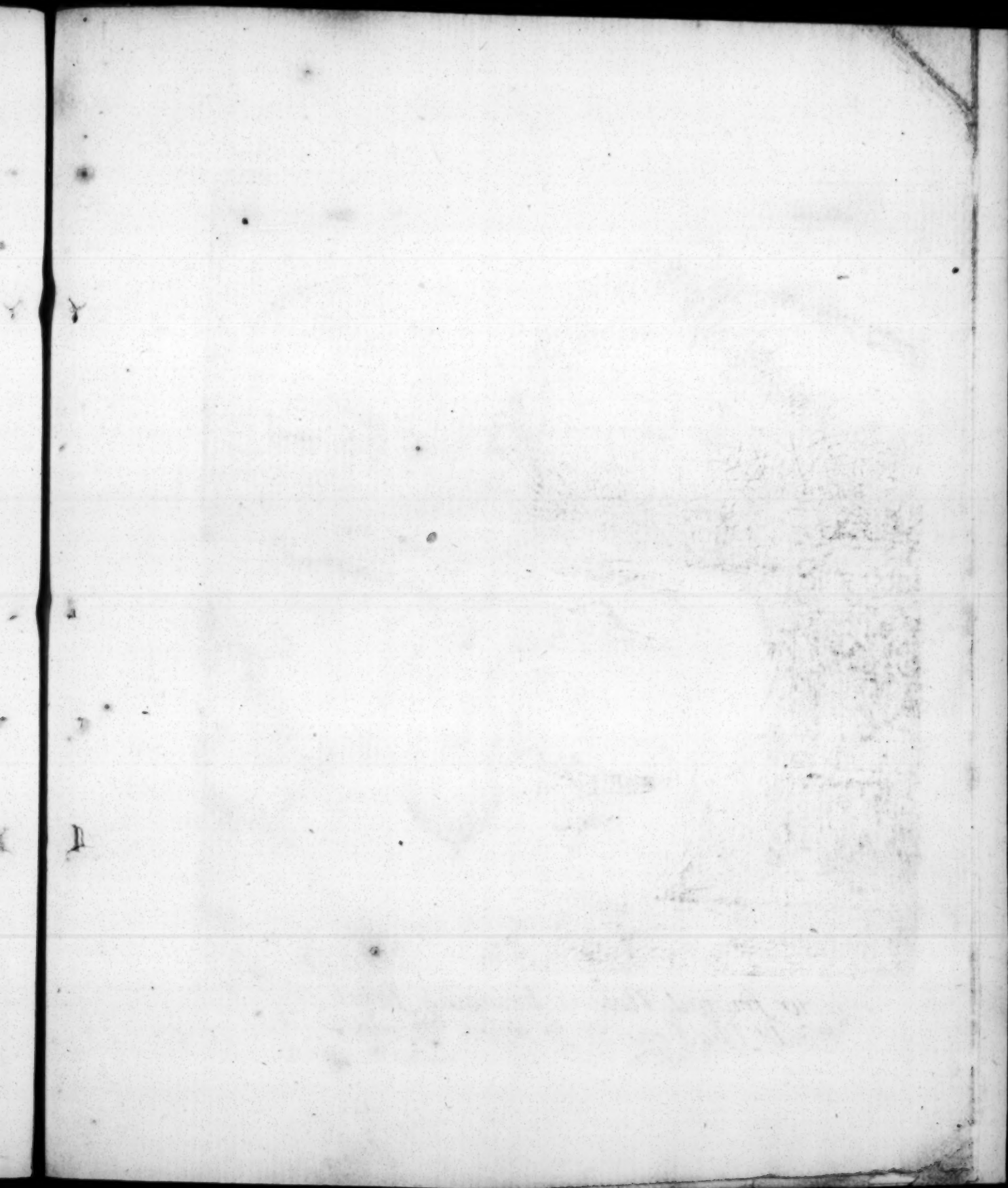
Lord



*It makes me laugh, when People grin
At my Nut-cracker Nose and Chin.*



It is the intention of the author to
publish this work in the near future





*Your fruitful Nose is bringing forth,
Would I had one of so much Worth.*



Lord Shaftsbury's VENUS.

STILL something captivates the Heart,
As well in Nature, as in Art.

Some Traces each observer sees,
In Birds and Beasts, in Stones and Trees ;
And still th' Idea further spreads,
In human Shapes, and human Heads :
All own the Charm, but where to place
This undefin'd, this real Grace,
Did ever any Two agree ;
Or will the Reader joyn with me ?

'Tis Noise and Nonsense at the Bar ;
'Tis on the Bench a solemn Air ;
More solemn still, and more obscure,
Is he, who takes our Souls in cure :
The Doctor's cant, the Statesman's Art ;
His Truth, his Standard of Desert,
All are Perfections in their Kind ;
All, all, are Beauties of the Mind.

Thy VENUS Cowper, * Nature thine,
Who cannot see, who can define ?

* Lord Shaftsbury

OLD

(67)

OLD AGE and INNOCENCE.

HARD is the Fate poor Women Share,
Alike the Ugly, and the Fair.
The Fair, if Gay, are Whores of course:
Witches the Ugly are — still worse!
The Case revers'd would better please;
For those are Witches more than these.
Against the one, what Heart is arm'd?
With t'other who was ever charm'd?

Forbid it Heav'n, that I should vex
The loveliest, of the lovely Sex!
But to his Honour 'twill be told,
Who bravely dares defend the Old.

When from the Cheeks the Rose departs,
It draws the Arrow from our Hearts:
The added Length of Nose and Chin,
Permit no Kiss to come between.
If Innocence in Woman dwell,
The Old and Ugly must excell:
Who most our Appetites can pall,
Are the most Innocent of all.

F I N I S.

